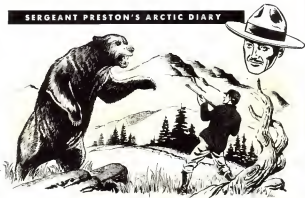


DELL

NOV. 1961 10¢

# Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON





## THE ALASKAN BROWN BEAR

Alaskan brown bears, some of which live in Yukon Territory, are enormously large animals. A fully grown male is nine feet long from tip to tail. His most formidable weapons are his great claws which are half as long as the entire foot. With them, he can destroy almost any other animal in North America.

Hunters are often surprised that he stands erect so easily. It is a favorite position when he is fighting, and hunters are often filled with panic when the great animal they are hunting suddenly rears up out of tall grass or low brush and towers over them, ready to strike out with his great claws. The long-bodied animal often stands erect just to look around the surrounding country and can stay in this seemingly awkward position for long periods of time.

Though he likes to eat meat, the Alaskan brown bear is completely omnivorous. He can eat anything from a big caribou to ants, berries, roots and all kinds of small animals.

Like most bears, he hibernates during the coldest weather, finding some sheltered place, such as a cave. During the long sleep, that sometimes lasts for months, he uses the food energy stored in the body fat that he has accumulated during the summer.

# Sergeant PRESTON

and THE SNOWSHOE TRAIL



SERGEANT  
PRESTON REPORT-  
ING FOR DUTY,  
INSPECTOR!

TAKE A CHAIR,  
PRESTON! I  
WANT YOU TO  
LOOK AT THIS  
LETTER.

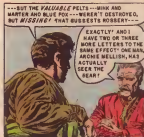


THIS IS FROM A TRAPPER, NORTH OF  
HERE, WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE SEEN  
ROBBED---BY A *BEAR*! THERE'S  
A PECULIAR ASPECT TO HIS STORY  
...YOU'LL SPOT IT!

YES,  
SIR!



HMMM! THIS MAN, RABIDOUS, SAYS A LARGE  
BEAR BROKE INTO HIS CASIN IN HIS ASSENCE  
AND TORE EVERYTHING APART---INCLUDING  
MANY OF HIS LYNX AND WOLF PELTS..



---BUT THE *FAVORABLE* PELTS---MINK AND  
MARTEN AND BLUE FOX---WEREN'T DESTROYED,  
BUT *MISSING*! THAT SUGGESTS ROBBERY---

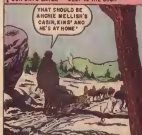
EXACTLY! AND I  
HAVE TWO OR THREE  
MORE LETTERS TO THE  
SAME EFFECT! ONE MAN,  
AROME MELLISH, HAS  
ACTUALLY  
SEEN THE  
BEAR!



YOU WILL START AT ONCE, PRESTON---AND  
FIND OUT WHAT IS REALLY HAPPENING  
BACK THERE IN THE WOOD! BETTER CALL  
MELLISH FIRST!

YES, SIR! I'LL  
LEAVE WITHIN  
THE HOUR!

FOUR DAYS LATER --- DEEP IN THE WOODS---

















UNABLE TO REACH HIS RIFLE, PRESTON GRABS A HIGH LIMB AND SWINGS UP



SAVAGELY THE BRUTE TURNS ON KING



FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE CABIN, A RIFLE SPEAKS! THE GRIZZLY REARS UP, BAWLING!



SHAKING HER HEAD, SHE PLUNGES INTO THE THICKET, WITH KIDS AT HER HEELS---A BIT GAZED, BUT NOT MUCH HURT





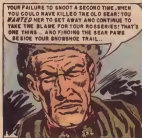
RETURNING TO HIS TEAM, PRESTON SETS A  
BLOOD HUNCH







---AND LANDS A BLOW THAT ENDS THE FIGHT





# Sergeant PRESTON and THE LONESOME BOY



A GRIM FRODO,  
SERGEANT PRESTON  
ENTERS THE BANK  
AT NORTH CREEK.

SERGEANT PRESTON!  
WHAT ARE YOU DO-  
ING WITH THAT  
BANDAGED  
HEAD...?

TRACKING THE MAN WHO SHOT ME,  
LANDERS! HIS SLED TRACKS STOPPED  
HERE... FRESH DROST KINGS, HERE,  
TRAILED HIM.

WHAT MISHEN  
HAS BEEN IN  
HERE THIS  
AFTERNOON?

MISHEN? WHY, JUST ONE --- A  
STRANGER! GAVE HIS NAME AS  
SAM GREEN --- AND DEPOSITED  
FIFTEEN HUNDRED OUNCES  
OF GOLD DUST AND RUBBETS.



WAY I SEE HIS SIGNATURE ---  
AND A SAMPLE OF THE  
GOLD HE DEPOSITED?

WHY, OF COURSE,  
SERGEANT! I'LL  
GET THEM FOR  
YOU AT ONCE!

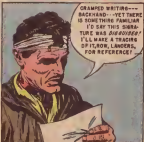


UMMMM! COARSE "DUST" MIXED  
WITH RUBBETS! I'LL TAKE A  
SAMPLE ALONG, IF I MAY?

CERTAINLY! AND HERE'S  
GREEN'S  
SIGNATURE.



CRAMPED WRITING ---  
BACKHAND --- YET THERE  
IS SOMETHING FAMILIAR  
I'D SAY THIS SIGNA-  
TURE WAS *DROSTER*!  
I'LL MAKE A TRACING  
OF IT, NOW, LANDERS,  
FOR REFERENCE!









I WASN'T EVER LONESOME WITH DAD! AND WE HAD SOME OF THE BEST DOGS. BUT UNCLE BENTLEY SOLD THEM! THE SAVERS WON'T LET US HAVE ANY PETS OR FRIENDS EXCEPT YOU SERGEANT PRESTON ---AND KING!



THERE'S THE ENTRANCE! THE BRUM HOOF KEEPS THE SNOW OUT!



UNCLE BENTLEY HAS BEEN FILING SAND HERE---TO WASH THE GOLD OUT OF IT NEXT SUMMER!

I UNDERSTAND, BILLY! NOW I'D LIKE TO SEE THE INSIDE OF THE MINE!



THIS HOLE SLOPES DOWN TO BEDROCK, WHERE THE GOLD LIES--- BUT DAD AND I NEVER STRUCK ANYTHING REALL' GOOD!



AT THAT MOMENT, BENTLEY SAUER HALTS HIS WEARY TEAM OUTSIDE HIS STORE. :

WHOA! SAAH! I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT TEAM BEFORE ---!



"HARRIE" WHOSE TEAM IS THAT OUTSIDE?

SERGEANT PRESTON'S BENTLEY---I HE'S GONE TO THE MINE--- WITH BILLY! I DON'T KNOW WHY---









BARR, BILLY!  
KEEP BACK---



DURING A FEW QUICK STRIDES, PRESTON HURLS THE  
BUNDLE OF DEATH AT THE BRIGHT PATCH OF DAYLIGHT  
--- THE TUNNEL'S ENTRANCE

NOW---



THAT DOES  
IT!

BROOM!



BY THE TIME ANYBODY WHO HEARD THAT BLAST GETS  
CURIOUS, AND DIES 'EM OUT, THEY'LL BE DEAD---  
IF THEY'RE NOT ALREADY---



BILLY!  
BILLY GRIDS!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU---?



HERE, SERGEANT  
PRESTON! I'M  
COMING! GRAY!

THANK HEAVEN! COME!  
THAT DYNAMITE TRAP  
WOULD HAVE FINISHED  
US--- EXCEPT FOR  
KING'S WARNING!

THROUGH A SHOWER OF DIRT FROM THE SHAKEN TUNNEL  
COLLUM, PRESTON AND KING MOVE BACK TO THE BEND. .







# GIFT of the SNOWS



Billy Cross carried his snowshoes on his back, along with his father's. With Big John Cross's heavy arm bearing on his sixteen-year-old shoulders, Billy kept step through the foot-deep snow: Step—and a half; step—and a half.

"What a fool stunt," Big John muttered for the twentieth time, "to cut my foot with an ax! An old Yukon sourdough, like me! But there's the cabin—another two hundred steps, maybe—HEY! What was that I saw dodging out of the door?"

"It looked like a man, bent over and running," Billy replied. "The moonlight isn't very bright, though. Dad! Do you think he was after our gold dust?"

"If he was," said Big John, gritting his teeth against pain, "he picked a poor place to raid! All we've got will just about buy us grub for the rest of the winter! Our claim has just petered out!"

Long minutes later, they reached the cabin door. It was open, with fresh snowy footprints just inside. Big John hobbled to the bunk, searching with swift fingers.

"It's gone, Billy!" he exclaimed. "And with this foot, I can't trail the thief! Anyhow we've got no shells for the rifle."

"I'll trail him!" Billy announced, snatching the empty rifle from the wall. "I'll wait till he camps, and surprise him."

"NO, BILLY! Don't you—" his father shouted. But Billy was already on his way.

Out of sight of the cabin, Billy stopped and put on his snowshoes. Then he raced on. In the brightening moonlight, the thief's trail was as plain as print. Billy was overtaking him—a bit too quickly!

Billy's thoughts raced back to his father in the cabin. Big John had been his idol ever since he could remember. Billy knew how much it would mean to his father to get back the gold dust. As he thought of all the struggles his father had been through, his determination to overtake the thief became stronger.

The crisp night air bit into his face, but Billy hardly felt it, so intent was he on his mission. He would not, could not fail Big John. His voice almost shook as he breathed a prayer for help.

As the boy broke out of the trees on a windswept ridge, a rifle bullet sang close to his head. He glimpsed the gun flame, a hundred yards farther on. Common sense told him to go back, out of range, but desperation drove him on! That thin pake of gold dust meant too much!

There were more shots, as he raced ahead, zigzagging. One cut his sleeve. Then, both thief and Billy were dashing out across the brow of a steep, snow-packed slope, where a slight jar might start a deadly slide.

The thief's last shot did it. The slope broke away with a grinding roar that grew to thunder. The thief flung away his rifle, straining to reach the far side. A great billow of snow buried him.

Billy was thrown and tumbled. Snow was in his mouth, in his eyes. His head struck something, and he blacked out.

He waked, hours later, lying against a snow-buried tree trunk. Near the trunk was a little air space. Billy enlarged it. He had lost his snowshoes. He climbed and dug and climbed—up to the top and daylight. He rested; then crawled over the avalanche-packed snow to the bare rock slope. The slide had scoured even the earth clean off it.

There was no sign of the thief—no other tracks in sight.

Billy's gaze swung back to the cliff-like slope, and clung there. Within twenty feet of him the unmistakable yellow of GOLD seemed a wide face of pink quartz! Gold, in "wires" and "beads" that could be pried out with a knife point! A real BONANZA, hidden until now by earth and snow!

# YUKON KING

and THE STRANDED CHILD

YOU'RE DOING A GREAT JOB,  
YUKON KING! TOGETHER,  
WE'LL GET MY TEAM  
THROUGH!

WUFF!  
WUFF!

LEARNED TO CONSTABLE LEWIS FOR  
POLICE BUSINESS DEEP IN THE FROZEN  
"BUSH", YUKON KING HELPS TO BREAK  
TRAIL THROUGH THE DEEP SNOW









ACTING AS AN EMERGENCY MESSENGER IS NOTHING  
NEW FOR KING --- BUT SOME WILES ON HIS WAY HE  
HEARS AN UPGRADE THAT MAKES HIM PAUSE, DESPITE  
THE URGENCY OF HIS ERRAND

AN INSTANT LATER HE IS RAGING TOWARDS ITS SOURCE



**B**REAKING OUT OF THE WOODS AGAIN, THE BEAR GOES OVER THE EDGE OF A HIGH BLUFF— WITH THE TEAM AFTER HIM!



**K**ING REACHES THE PITCH-OFF— TOO LATE TO TURN THE TEAM! HIS BARK RINGS OUT, SHARP WITH ANXIETY!



**A**T THE EDGE, THE TEAM TRIES DESPERATELY TO STOP BUT THE SLED OVERRUNS THEM.



**T**HEN, BEAR-FASHION, THE CUB ROLLS HIMSELF INTO A BALL AND LETS GO! THE TEAM FOLLOWS, YELLING



**F**RIGHTENED AND HELPLESS, THE BABY ROLLS TOWARD A HUNDRED-FOOT DROP— WITH ONLY A NARROW LEDGE TO CHECK HIS FALL.



**C**LAWING AND YELLING, THEY GO DOWN, PULLED BY THE WEIGHT OF THEIR SLED.







TO THE BOTTOM, WHERE THEY LIE,  
UNMURT BUT VERY BUSED— TANGLED  
IN THEIR WARMNESS.



HIS FALL STOPPED BY THE NARROW LEDGE,  
THE TWO-YEAR-OLD STRUGGLES TO GET UP—  
NOT REALIZING HIS DANGER...



BUT TURKIN KING SEES IT— AND WORKS  
DOWN TO THE CHILD IN CAUTIOUS TWO-  
ZAGS— LEST HE START A SLIDE  
WHICH WOULD CARRY THE  
YOUNGSTER OVER THE  
DROP



HEAVEN HELP ME! NO MAN  
COULD GET DOWN THERE,  
WITHOUT SLIDING OVER  
THE EDGE! BUT THE GOD  
GOULD—



PHIL! THAT  
WONDERFUL  
GOD—

WATCH! THERE'S  
STILL DANGER,  
JERRY!



IT'S FORTUNATE—  
THE FAMOUS MOUNTIE'S  
GOAT!

BLESS  
HIM ON, JERRY,  
MY BABY!



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# ESKIMO

# WAYS



When an Eskimo wants to haul his heavy, skin-covered freight boat high up on shore, above the reach of storm and high tide and beach ice, he often faces rough going. Eskimo beaches may be composed of water-worn rocks, large and small, which would bruise or tear the boat's bottom.



He solves the problem by using partly inflated seal skins as rollers. These cushion the boat—and carry it safely over every obstacle.

For his sled runners the Eskimo hunter prefers bone or driftwood, but if he has to make a sled where these materials cannot be found, he can make runners of frozen fish.



When an Eskimo mother cannot obtain other soft materials for her youngster's shirt, she tans the skins of birds to make a thin leather of silkiness. Small babies, however, are dropped into a bag of leathers, which serves as dress, cradle and comforter.

# Sergeant PRESTON OF THE YUKON - CASE HISTORIES



## MACALLISTER'S BONANZA

THANK HEAVEN, YOU FOUND ME, SERGEANT PRESTON! THOSE MEN-- CARTER AND BARNUM--PROMISED THEY WERE MOUNTIES---TO HELP ME FIND DAD'S MINE --

I KNOW! I THREALED YOU WITH KING!



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